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METHODIST SOCIAL HYMN BOOK.

COMPILED BY

REV. STEPHEN PARKS,

OF THE TROY CONFERENCE.

New-York:

PUBLISHED BY CARLTON & PORTER,

TRACT SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

200 MULBERRY-STREET.

1856.

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BY CARLTON & PORTER,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

EVERY Church needs a social hymn book. Standard collections of sacred hymns, for public worship, must be adjusted to a stern and elevated literary taste. They contain, of course, excellent devotional hymns, and can never be superseded; but there is a demand universally felt for something additional, which, in simplicity and freeness, shall speak out the religious sentiment of all classes, without responding to a severe and exacting criticism.

Methodism sings in its heart. The spirit-harmonies of a free and a full salvation would make hymns and tunes if there were none. The outgushing joys of the inner life express themselves in the simple, familiar strains of native melody, and

though they do not reject the highest styles of correctness and elegance, they give paramount influence to pathos and spiritual power.

To meet this demand, and perhaps to take advantage of it, individuals have published numerous social hymn books for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but they have generally given currency to a light and irreverent style of singing, tending to vitiate the taste, and dissipate rather than inspire true devotion.

We have therefore deemed a choice selection of social hymns, avoiding the extremes of a severe literary standard, and of undue levity, but giving free utterance to the feelings of a living evangelical piety, a desideratum in our Church; and we believe it well supplied in this beautiful hymn book, compiled by a brother of good taste, and sent out under the auspices of the Tract Society.

JESSE T. PECK.

NEW-YORK, *May*, 1856.

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HYMNS.

NATURAL DEPRAVITY.

1 L. M.

Original and actual Sin.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

2 C. M.

Totally diseased.

WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live.

2 While full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distemper'd soul
Thy love compassionately sees;
O let it make me whole!

3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesus' name submit:
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesus' name, if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
O let my stubborn spirit bow,—
My stiff-neck'd will obey.

5 I know in thee all fullness dwells,
And all for wretched man;
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

3 S. M.

Dead in trespasses and sins.

HOW helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power Divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew:

3 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

4 87, 87.

Peace on earth—good-will to men.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!

5 87, 87, 47.

Worship the new-born Saviour.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,—
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

6 11 10, 11 10.

The star in the East.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

---

7 11's.

Christ in the Garden.

WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west;
O'er fields by the moonlight, to lonely retreat,
In deep meditation, I wander'd to weep.

2 While passing a garden I paused to hear,
A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was there;
The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

3 I listen'd a moment, then turn'd me to see
What man of compassion this stranger might be!

I saw him, low, kneeling, upon the cold ground,
The loveliest BEING that ever was found.

4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood, and tears!
I wept to behold him!—I ask'd him his name,
He answered,—" 'Tis JESUS! from heaven I came!

5 " I am thy Redeemer! For thee I must die;
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by!
Thy sins like a mountain, are laid upon me;
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."

6 How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!
His smile, O how pleasant! How cheering his voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted Salvation! and Glory to God!

7 I'm now on my journey to mansions above;
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace, and love!

I think of the garden, the prayers, and the tears,
Of that loving Stranger who banish'd my fears!

8 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When, Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes.

8 P. M.

Kedron.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3 OGarden of Olives, thou dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

9

C. M.

His amazing love.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

The Lamb, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary;
The Lamb was slain, but lives again,
To intercede for me.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.

The Lamb, &c.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

The Lamb, &c.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

The Lamb, &c.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

The Lamb, &c.

10 C. M.

Godly sorrow at the cross.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord, remember me;
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
Remember me, &c.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
Remember me, &c.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
Remember me, &c.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.
Remember me, &c.

11

4 line 7s.

Calvary.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,—
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

12 L. M.

Love which passeth knowledge.

OF Him who did salvation bring
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
shed my tears, and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

13 8s & 7s.

Sitting by the cross.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe:
Still in faith and hope abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

2 O how blessed is the station!
Low before the cross I'll lie,
While I see Divine compassion
Pleading in the Victim's eye.
Here I'll sit, forever viewing,
Mercy streaming in His blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

14 87, 87, 47.

It is finished.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
It is finish'd:
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do those precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finish'd:
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
It is finish'd:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

15 C. M.

The Cross.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did:
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays,
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

16 C. M.

Efficacy of the atoning blood.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

17 4 6s & 2 8s.

I sing of Calvary.

DOWN from the willow bough
My slumbering harp I'll take,
And bid its silent strings
To heavenly themes awake:
How peaceful should its breathings be,
Dear Saviour, when I sing of thee!

2 Love, Love on earth appears!
The wretched throng his way;
He beareth all their griefs,
And wipes their tears away:
How soft and sweet the strains should be,
Whene'er I sing of Calvary!

3 He saw me, as he pass'd,
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemn'd and doom'd to death,
And no salvation nigh:
O, long and loud the strain should be,
Whene'er I sing his love to me!

4 "I die for thee," he said;
Behold the cross arise!
And lo! He bows his head,
He bows his head and dies!
Soft, soft, my harp, thy breathings be,
Here let me weep on Calvary.

5 He lives! again he lives!
I hear the voice of Love;
He comes to soothe my fears,
And draw my soul above:
O joyful now the strain should be,
When thus I sing of Calvary!

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

---

18 7s.

Mary at the Sepulcher.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and rich perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone;
For a while she lingering stood,
Fill'd with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead—
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest toss'd.
On his arm your burden cast;
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last;
But the morning brings the joy.

CHARACTER AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

19

4 8s & 2 6s.

Excellency of Christ.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth!
O, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost Divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known,

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A bless'd eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

20 L. M.

Christ, the Good Physician.

JESUS, thy far-extended fame,
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy Name, thy all-restoring Name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have;
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

21 8 *lines* 7s.

The only Refuge.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

22 C. M.

His sympathizing love.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

23 L. M.

Christ as a vine, fountain, rock, star, sun.

GO worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet;
The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord.

2 Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O let a lasting union join
My soul, the branch, to Christ, the vine.

3 Is he a fountain? there I bathe,
And heal the plagues of sin and death;
The waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

4 Is he a rock? how firm he proves?
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Hence copious streams descend and flow,
To cheer us all our journey through.

5 Is he a star? he breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.

6 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears,
To chase their gloom, to quell their fears.

7 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise:
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

24 7s & 6s.

The great Physician.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can save a ruin'd soul:
Nigh unto death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To show to all around me
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Then come to this Physician,
For life he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition:
'Tis only—LOOK, AND LIVE!

25 C. M.

Jesus Christ.

JESUS, the Name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky:
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear—
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

26 C. M.

The living waters.

AT Jacob's well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer;
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

2 This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sigh'd;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3 The man who came on earth to die,
How few appear to know!
The friend of sinners, passing by,
Is still esteem'd a foe.

4 The sinner must the stranger know,
Or soon his loss deplore;
Behold! the living waters flow;
Come—drink, and thirst no more.

27 11s & 8s.

The Beloved of Zion.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

6 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

7 Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim vail in his sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.

8 He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

28 L. M.

A poor, wayfaring Man of Grief.

A POOR, wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer Nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed, with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup;
Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 'Twas night. The floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on mine own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

5 Stripp'd, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd.
I had myself a wound conceal'd,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In pris'n I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honor'd him 'mid shame and scorn.

My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die.
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

7 Then, in a moment, to my view,
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named,
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

REIGN OF CHRIST.

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29 8s & 7s.

Christ the Lamb, enthroned and worshiped.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the note of praise above—
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

Halleluiah, halleluiah!
Halleluiah! Amen.

2 Jesus hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life—thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

Halleluiah, halleluiah!
Halleluiah! Amen.

3 King of glory, reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own,
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

Halleluiah, halleluiah!
Halleluiah! Amen.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Halleluiah, halleluiah!
Halleluiah! Amen.

30 76, 76, 76, 76.

The glory of His kingdom.

HAIL, to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression—
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing—
Their darkness turn to light—
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

31 P. M.

The Prince of Salvation.

THE Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way;
The news of his grace on the breezes is gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour;
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign;
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

3 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation,
In rich and harmonious lays.

HOLY SPIRIT.

32 87, 87, 87, 87.

Guide and Comforter.

HOLY Spirit! Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind;
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prison'd souls deliv'rance find.
Seal of truth, and bond of union,
Source of light, and flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove;

2 Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distress'd—
When the billows fill with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest:
Promised Pledge! eternal Spirit!
Greater than all gifts below—
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show.

33 87, 87.

The Source of Consolation.

HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fullness of thy grace.

3 Author of our new creation,
May we all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation—
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

4 Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe thy peace on all below;
Bless, O bless this congregation;
On each soul thy grace bestow.

34 L. M.

Quickening gales of the Spirit.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
To thee I cry, "O Spirit, come!"
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way.

2 Fain would I feel the Spirit move,
In breathings of celestial love;
And while I spread my feeble sails,
O send thy gentle, quick'ning gales!

35 4 6s & 2 8s.

Pleading the promise.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

FREE SALVATION.

36

8 *lines* 8s.

The fountain of living water.

A FOUNTAIN of life and of grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see:
For us, who his offers embrace,
For all, it is open and free:
Jehovah himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown:
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take:
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake!
We gain a pure drop of his love;
The life of eternity know;
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.

37

C. M.

The Gospel feast.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

38 L. M.

The Gospel feast.

COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all!
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice:
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

39 4 6s & 2 8s.

The jubilee trumpet.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The Gospel trumpet hear—
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

40 P. M.

Mercy's free.

BY faith I see my Saviour dying,
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me:
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear.
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be?
O yes! he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free.
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received;
And Christ from death my soul reprieved:
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes—
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove;
All may enjoy the Saviour's love—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it—
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
Ye ministers of God, declare it—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's fee;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

41 C. M.

The joyful sound.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

42 11, 10. 11, 10.

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing—
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

43 S. M.

And yet there is room.

YE wretched, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Christ, with open arms,
Invites, and bids you come;
O stay not back, though fear alarms;
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with us taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

5 Ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach—there yet is room.

44

4 *lines* 12s.

The voice of free grace.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain:
From sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.

Halleluiah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon;
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.
Halleluiah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious!
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.
Halleluiah to the Lamb, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the bless'd shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:
We'll range the bless'd fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever.
Halleluiah to the Lamb, &c.

45 4 6s & 2 8s

Jubilee.

FAIR shines the morning star;
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around;
Joy to the slave; the slave is free;
It is the year of jubilee.

2 Pris'ners of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb,
Your portals open fly;
Rise with your Lord; he sets you free;
It is the year of jubilee.

3 Ye who have sold for naught
The land your fathers won,
Behold how God hath wrought
Redemption through his Son:
Your heritage again is free,
It is the year of jubilee.

4 Ye, who yourselves have sold,
For debts to justice due,
Ransom'd, but not with gold,
He gave himself for you!
The blood of Christ hath made you free;
It is the year of jubilee.

5 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year:
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free,
It is the year of jubilee.

46 C. M.

He waiteth to be gracious.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are—
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

APPEALS TO THE UNCONVERTED.

47 76, 76, 76, 76.

Early Piety.

O COME in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have wither'd,
And sorrow end thy day.
Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow,
Come ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

2 "Remember thy Creator"
Now in thy youthful days,
And he will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.

"Remember thy Creator,"
He calls in tones of love,
And offers deathless glories
In brighter worlds above.

3 And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.
And when life's storm is over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

48 76, 76, 76, 76

Buy the Truth, and sell it not.

GO thou, in life's fair morning—
Go in the bloom of youth—
And buy, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth:
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth;
Go, while thy heart is light;
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:

Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Scepters, and crowns of kings.

3 Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice!

49 8s & 7s.

Come, 'tis Jesus' Invitation.

COME, 'tis Jesus' invitation,
Now to mourning souls address'd;
Why, O why such hesitation?
Mourners, he will give you rest.

Sinners, can you hate the Saviour?
Can you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his arms.

2 Do ye fear your own unfitness,
Burden'd as ye are with sin?
'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness—
Christ invites you, enter in.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

3 He will give—we ne'er can merit—
Perfect peace and heavenly rest;
What a treasure we inherit!
How are contrite sinners blest!
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

50 8s & 7s.

The Friend.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

51

8 *lines* 7s.

Why will ye die?

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why.
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why.
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why.
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.

Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

52 87, 87, 87, 87,

Youthful consecration.

SAVIOUR! while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee—
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine, and only thine to be.
Take me now, Lord Jesus! take me—
Let my youthful heart be thine;
Thy devoted servant, make me—
Fill my soul with love Divine.

2 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way:
May thy grace through life attend me—
Gladly then shall I obey.
Let me do thy will, or bear it—
I would know no will but thine;
Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to thee resign.

3 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie;
Let it know no revocation,
Publish'd and confirm'd on high.

Thine I am, O Lord, forever—
To thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave thee never;
Seal thine image on mine heart.

53 8s.

Will you go?

WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reach'd that bless'd abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road.
Will you go? will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
In rapt'rous strains to praise his name,
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conq'ror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share.
Will you go? will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
To raise our voice and tune the lyre;
There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring.
Will you go? will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
In the bless'd house there still is room;
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease.
Will you go? will you go?

5 The way to heaven is free to all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start.
Will you go? will you go?

6 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Repent, believe, be born again;
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
And thou shalt my salvation see.
Will you go? will you go?

7 O, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go! I will go!
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go! Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell.
Let me go! let me go!

54 87, 87, 47.

The invitation.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd!
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him—venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Halleluiah!
Sinners here may do the same.

55

6s & 8s.

The Gospel call.

YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo,
The Gospel calls again,
Its message is to you;
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame,
Christ bids you come to-day,
The poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready; sinners, come;
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring souls, draw near;
He calls you from above,
His melting accents hear:
O! whosoever will, may come;
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

56 7s.

Fullness of Christ.

BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean:
Contrite souls, with guilt oppress'd,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste:
Turn to God, O turn and live,
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wander'd far
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace,
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide,
Jesus Christ for man has died.

5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely,
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

57 6s & 4s.

Exhortation to immediate submission.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

58 11s.

Acquaint thyself quickly.

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,
And peace, like the dew-drops, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

59 C. M.

The wanderer recalled.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn!
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

60 6s & 4s.

To-day the Saviour calls.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'rers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O listen now:
Within these sacred walls,
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
O grieve him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

61 11s.

Delay not.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near:
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What pow'r then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid?

62

4 *lines* 7s.

The danger of delay.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

63 S. M.

The horrors of the second death.

O WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
For evermore undone.

64 11s.

Expostulation.

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain;
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part.
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

65 C. M.

Warnings from the grave.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead—
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease—
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And shall earth still our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee by her dead.

66 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Sinners exhorted.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Coming from the courts above?
Mercy beams in every passage,
Every line is full of love;
O believe it!
Every line is full of love.

2 Now the heralds of salvation
Joyful news aloud proclaim:
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!
Life receiving,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!

3 Who hath their report believed?
Who hath heard the solemn word?
Who salvation hath received,
Freely offer'd by the Lord?
Life immortal,
Freely offer'd by the Lord.

67 C. M.

No peace to the wicked.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

2 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will Divine.

68 L. M.

The accepted time.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how bless'd the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how bless'd the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

69 4 8s & 2 6s.

A voice of warning.

THAT warning voice, O sinner, hear,
And while salvation lingers near,
The heav'nly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath
That rises o'er thy way.

2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade,
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour;
The light'nings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise,
What terrors fill that hour!

3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace:
Renounce thy sins and be forgiv'n,
Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
And sing redeeming grace.

4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,
The heav'ns are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
Joy echoes from the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

70 L. M.

Quench not the Spirit.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whisper'd to thy heedless soul?
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice:
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the happy choice,
And take the Saviour for thy all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
The Gospel call no longer slight;
Obey, and free salvation find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying men;
They who presume his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
O! shouldst thou grieve him thus away,
He never would return to thee.

71 C. M

Sin kills beyond the tomb.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave!
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

72 P. M.

Take heed, watch and pray.

GO watch and pray, thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee;
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions bright and fair
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change—must pass away;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Ambition, stop thy panting breath!
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns, dark with death,
Before you open lie:
The heav'nly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

4 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb;
And can vain hope lead *thee* astray?
Go, weary pilgrim! watch and pray.

73 S. M.

To-day.

ALL yesterday is gone;
To-morrow's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
And bow before the throne.

2 O hear God's voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown he may
Pronounce the word—Depart!

74 8s, 7s, & 4s.

The voice of mercy.

HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gath'ring,
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunder rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head:
Turn, O sinner!
Lest the lightning strike you dead.

3 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

75 7s.

The last call.

"THIS may be thy latest call;
Youth, repent, before Him fall;
Ask His mercy, fear His rod;"
So he spake—the man of God.

2 "Often have I heard that tale,"
Sneer'd the youth; "'tis old and stale:
Often saidst thou in the past,
This may be thy last—thy last."

3 "Yet the last will surely come;
Thou art hast'ning to thy doom:
Seek the Lord without delay,
This may be thy latest day."

4 Turning in his scorn he went,
On his selfish pleasures bent:
Life and joy before him lay,
Promising a brighter day.

5 But that day, thus lightly pass'd,
Was to him the last—the last—
Never did his youthful eyes
See another morning rise.

6 Down he sat to muse a while,
Underneath a tott'ring pile;
Heedless of the warning past,
Little dreaming 'twas his last.

7 Horrors seize me while I tell
How that tott'ring structure fell;
Lo it moves! its pillars yield!
Hapless youth! his doom is seal'd.

8 Crush'd his body—lost his soul—
O'er it waves of anguish roll—
Summer ended—harvest past—
O! that warning! 'twas his last!

76 7s & 6s.

Conviction.

DYING souls, fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,
With no ray of light Divine
On your pathway shining,
Why in darkness wander on,
Fill'd with consternation?
Jesus lives: in him alone
Can you find salvation.

2 Prostrate bow! confess your guilt;
Own your lost condition;
Yield to Him whose blood was spilt,
Unreserved submission.
Then no more in anguish groan:
Seek his mediation!
Jesus lives: in him alone
Can you find salvation.

3 Linger not in all the plain,
Vengeance is pursuing:
'Mid the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin.
Flee to Him who doth atone;
Flee from condemnation!
Jesus lives! in him alone
Can you find salvation.

77 C. M.

The resolution.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

78 P. M.

The desponding cheered.

DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious,
If in Christ you now believe,
You will find him precious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling mourners to him;
He has died, you need not die,
Now look up and view him.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, "Come unto me,"
Weary, heavy laden.

Though your sins like mountains rise,
Rise, and reach to heaven;
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know, I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wounds,
O the wond'rous story;
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory! Glory! Glory!

79 8s & 7s.

The compassionate Saviour.

NOW the Saviour standeth pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.
Sinner, can you hate the Saviour?
Can you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his arms.

2 Jesus stands, O, how amazing,
Stands and knocks at ev'ry door;
In his hands ten thousand blessings,
Proffer'd to the wretched poor.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare you heavenly rest;
Listen, while he kindly calls you,
Hear, and be forever blest!
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

4 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
There to bear eternal pain?
Or to realms of glorious brightness
Rise, and with him ever reign?
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH

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80 S. M.

Groaning for deliverance.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avail my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

81 7s & 6s.

Conviction of sin.

WHY sinks my soul desponding?
Why fill my eyes with tears?
While nature all surrounding,
The smile of beauty wears.
Why burden'd still with sorrow
Is ev'ry lab'ring thought?
Each vision that I borrow
With gloom and sadness fraught?

2 The pleasures that deceived me,
My soul no more can charm;
Of rest they have bereaved me,
And fill'd me with alarm;
The objects I have cherish'd
Are empty as the wind;
My earthly joys are perish'd,
What comfort shall I find?

3 If inward, still inquiring,
I turn my searching eye,
Or upward, now aspiring,
I raise my feeble cry,
No heav'nly light is beaming
To cheer my troubled breast,
No ray of comfort gleaming
To give my spirit rest.

4 My soul, from this dread anguish
Is there no refuge nigh?
'Tis guilt that makes thee languish,
And leaves thee thus to die:
Renounce thy sin and folly
Before the throne of grace,
And make the Lord most holy
Thy strength and righteousness.

82 C. M.

Remember me.

LORD, I despair myself to heal,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Thy Holy Spirit let me feel,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord, remember me;
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
Then, Lord, remember me.

2 Thy cleansing blood, O Lord, impart,
Dear Lord, remember me,
To purify and warm my heart,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Remember me, &c.

3 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
Dear Lord, remember me,
And pour thyself into my heart,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Remember me, &c.

4 Dead to the world, alive to thee,
Dear Lord, remember me;
I pray the Saviour let me be,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Remember me, &c.

83 S. M.

Embracing the all-sufficient Portion.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

84 4 6s & 2 8s.

I will arise and go unto my Father.

WHEN burden'd is my breast,
When friendless seems my lot,
When earth affords no rest,
And refuge I have not:
Father! if thou wilt suffer me,
I will arise and come to thee.

2 When conscience thunders loud,
When sins in dread array
Upon my mem'ry crowd,
And fill me with dismay;
Yet, glancing once on Calvary,
Father! I'll rise and come to thee.

3 And if I am a child,
But have backslidden still,
And, fill'd with projects wild,
Have follow'd my own will;
Yet, penitent, resolved I'll be,
Father! to rise and come to thee.

4 And thou in love wilt turn
To thy poor rebel child;
Nor let thine anger burn,
Though sin my heart beguiled:
Thy voice shall greet me graciously,
"Arise! arise! and come to me."

85

6 *lines* 7s.

The Rock of Ages.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

86 S. M.

Rest in Christ.

O CEASE, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
O! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied
With full salvation bless'd.

87 P. M.

The Contrast.

I HAVE sought round the verdant earth.
For unfading joy;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But all, all will cloy.
Lord, bestow on me,
Grace to set the spirit free;
Thine the praise shall be;
Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wander'd in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress;
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief,
Fill'd my lab'ring soul with grief,
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 I then turn'd to thy Gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
I then trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release;
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore;
The heart's richest tribute bring
To thee, God of power;
And in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move,
For evermore.

88 8s.

Self-consecration.

O JESUS, delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd Divine;
I yield to thy blessed control;
My body and spirit are thine;
Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

2 How can I thy goodness repay
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away;
O call me thine own little child.
And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love,
That I never from thee shall depart.

89 S. M.

The heart of stone.

O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart:

2 A heart with grief oppress'd,
For having grieved my God:
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

90 7s.

The Wanderer's return.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

91 6th P. M. 6 *lines* 7.

Help, or I perish.

BY thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtile tempter's power,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
By the bitter tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

92 S. M.

To whom should we go?

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part—
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the vail away.

3 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

93 C. M.

The returning Prodigal.

THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly, just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.
I'll die no more for bread, he cries,
Nor starve in foreign lands.
My father's house hath large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my father share
The bounty of his hand.
I'll die no more, &c.

3 With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my father's face;
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.
I'll die no more, &c.

4 Far off the father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.
I'll die no more, &c.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew—
The long-lost son is found!
I'll die no more, &c.

94 76, 76, 78, 76.

Humility and contrition.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

95 C. M.

The Prodigal.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.
I'll die no more for bread, he cries,
Nor starve in foreign lands.
My father's house hath large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

2 Although he no relentings felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinch'd him sore.
I'll die no more, &c.

3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread
While I am starving here.
I'll die no more, &c.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.
I'll die no more, &c.

5 His father saw him coming back;
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
I'll die no more, &c.

6 Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive!
Enough, the father said:
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
I'll die no more, &c.

7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, and lives again:
Was lost, but now is found.
I'll die no more, &c.

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home:
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.
I'll die no more, &c.

96 S. M.

The Redeemer's tears.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

97 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Christ welcomed to the heart.

WELCOME, welcome, bless'd Redeemer
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear,
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

98 L. M.

Condemned, but pleading the promises.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

99 S. M.

The only expiation.

PROSTRATE at Jesus' feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Will justice frown me hence?
Stay, Lord, the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But tears I will not plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Then justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

100 8s & 7s.

Bartimeus.

"MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus on the way.

101 4 6s & 2 8s.

Renouncing the world.

COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free,
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all;
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But ah! thou must consent, my heart!

3 Ye fair enchanting throng!
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevail'd too long,
And now I break the spell;
Ye farewell joys of early years,
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all?
My heart still fondly pleads;
Yes, Dagon's self must fall;
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds:
Is there no balm in Gilead found
To soothe and heal the smarting wound?

5 O yes, there is a balm,
A kind physician there,
My fever'd mind to calm,
To bid me not despair:
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee.

6 O! may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare:
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart!

102 4 *lines* 7s.

Mercy for the chief of sinners.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

103 C. M.

Unwearied earnestness.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus! could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.

104 L. M.

Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

JUSTIFICATION, ADOPTION, AND WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

105 8s and 7s.

Forsaking all for Christ.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.

I have call'd thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Know, my soul! thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think, what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think, what Father's smiles are thine;
Think, what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

106 C. M.

The blood applied.

IN answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend:
Number me with salvation's heirs—
My sins and troubles end.

2 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven:
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

107

6 *lines* 8s.

No condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis myst'ry all—th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love Divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free—
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread—
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living head,
And clothed in righteousness Divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

108 12 9, 12 9.

Joy of the young convert.

O HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor Divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

109 4 8s & 2 6s.

Ye must be born again.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
One solemn truth increased my pain,
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 How did the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load!
All human aid I saw was vain:
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 I heard the saints with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
To bring salvation near:
Yet would the dreadful truth remain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in black despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour pass'd that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

110 L. M.

The highway of holiness.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, bless'd Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.

111 C. M.

Joy over the penitent.

O HOW Divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

112 886, 886.

The inward witness.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet, forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That ante-past of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hall'wing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

113 L. M.

The bliss of assurance.

LORD, how secure and bless'd are they,
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

114 8s & 6s.

The great change.

SAY, dost thou mark that beaming eye,
That countenance serene;
That smile of hope, and love, and joy,
Where gloom so late has been?
More beautiful that sight appears
Than all the charms that nature wears.

2 And dost thou mark that temper mild,
That image pure of heaven?
That soul subdued and reconciled,
Which once with hate was riv'n?
Sure nothing earthly can impart
Such meltings to a stubborn heart.

3 O, glorious change! 'tis all of grace,
By bleeding love bestow'd
On outcasts of a fallen race,
To bring them home to God;
Infinite grace to vileness giv'n,
The sons of earth made heirs of heav'n.

115 C. M.

The earnest and pledge of joys to come.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints?
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love—
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy bless'd wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

116 4 6s & 2 8s.

"Abba, Father."

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

117 C. M.

Heavenly rest in anticipation.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
O, that will be joyful! joyful! joyful!
O, that will be joyful!
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore;
'Tis there we'll meet, at Jesus' feet,
We'll meet to part no more.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world
O, that will be joyful! &c.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
O, that will be joyful! &c.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
O, that will be joyful! &c.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

LOVE.

118 C. M.

Lovest thou me? feed my lambs.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord,
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

119 C. M.

Brotherly love.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride;
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

120 4th P. M. 886, 886.

Panting after the fullness of love.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O! that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O! that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

HUMILITY.

121 6 *lines* 8s.

Humility.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

2 When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently open'd heart
Was made for God's own temple meet:
Fairest and best adorn'd is she
Whose clothing is humility.

3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

FAITH.

122 11s & 10s.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

THE Lord is my Shepherd; he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall infold me;
And as I walk through the dark valley of death,
There his rod and his staff will uphold me!

123 10 10, 11 11.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

124 10 10, 11 11.

The Lord will provide.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us—The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse
are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our
bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be
denied,
So long as 'tis written—The Lord will
provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has
tried)
The heart-cheering promise—The Lord
will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak—our hope is in
vain;
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces
have tried,
This answers all questions—The Lord
will provide.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness
we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power—The Lord will
provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting—The Lord will provide.

125

8 *lines* 8s.

Immutability of God.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

126

4 6s & 2 8s.

Faith.

FAITH is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean,
"The substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen:"
It is the anchor of his soul,
When tempests rage and billows roll.

2 Faith is the polar star,
That guides the Christian's bark;
Directs him from afar,
To reach the holy ark:
It points his course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form,
Hung on the brow of heaven;
The glory of the storm,
The pledge of mercy given:
It is the bright triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

PEACE AND JOY.

127 8 *lines* 7s.

Partnership of the saints in light.

JESUS is our common Lord;
He our loving Saviour is;
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss;
Bliss to carnal minds unknown;
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown—
Glorious and unspeakable.

2 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.
Let us walk with him in white;
For our bridal day prepare;
For our partnership in light—
For our glorious meeting there.

128 S. M.

For perfect peace.

JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry;
And show thyself the sinner's Friend,
And set me up on high.
From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release;
And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.

2 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea;
My present and eternal peace
Are both derived from thee.
Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

129 S. M.

Heaven upon earth.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

130 P. M.

Joyfully, joyfully.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing, as I come,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

2 Soon, with my pilgimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

3 Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessèd, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banish'd, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

131 8 *lines* 8s.

The all-sufficiency of Jesus.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice,
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;

I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

132 C. M.

Triumphant joy.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

GENTLENESS.

133 C. M.

Speak gently.

SPEAK gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones;
They must have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O! win them back again!

134 7s & 6s.

Deal gently.

DEAL gently with the lowly,
For bitter is their lot,
When by their friends deserted,
And by the world forgot;
One kindly word may banish
The anguish of despair,
And bid forever vanish
A world of grief and care.

2 Remember, O! remember,
It is not always May;
The blast of life's December
May drive your friends away;

For, when the storms of winter
In darkness cloud the sky,
The earliest birds of summer
Are always first to fly.

3 Whene'er an erring brother
Departs from honor's path,
Reprove him not too harshly,
Nor turn away in wrath;
But point out to him kindly,
The path he should have trod—
And thou wilt gain his blessing,
And favor with thy God.

RESIGNATION.

135 8s & 7s.

Bereavement and Resignation.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, Thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, Thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, Thy will be done.

136 8s & 7s.

Resignation.

HUSH, my heart, each sad repining;
Adverse winds on earth must rise;
Yet for thee there still are shining
Brighter hopes and fairer skies.

2 Trials here were sent to teach thee,
Earth is not thy spirit's home:
Here misfortune's shafts may reach thee,
Suff'rings here and grief must come,

3 "Earthly hopes may all be blighted;"
Youth's bright visions fade away;
Joys that have thy pathway lighted,
May be doom'd to swift decay.

4 Yet amid earth's pain and sadness,
Hopes there are which never die—
Hopes that fill the heart with gladness—
Hopes which reach beyond the sky.

5 Jesus—O that name, how precious!
Jesus came—dispell'd the gloom
That, like midnight, hung suspended
O'er the confines of the tomb.

6 Through its portals, once so dreary,
Now beams forth immortal light;
Mourners, wayworn, sad, and weary,
Hail with joy the glorious sight.

7 From earth's scenes of pain and anguish,
Upward turn thy weeping eye;
Let thy faith no longer languish,
But in triumph soar on high.

8 Life is thine—a life immortal,
Far beyond earth's cloudy sphere;
And its rays, through faith's bright portal,
May illume thy pathway here.

137 S. M.

For perfect submission.

I WANT a heart to pray—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
This blessing, above all—
Always to pray—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

COURAGE AND DECISION.

138 77, 87, 77, 87.

Fearless in the fire of tribulation.

HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices
With bless'd anticipation;
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 Thou dost conduct thy people
  Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
  The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
  In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
  And sing the song of Moses.

3 By faith we see the glory
  To which thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise for that high prize
  Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
  We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
  To take us up to heaven.

139 10, 5, 11.

Renewed fidelity and zeal.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
  Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
  And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
3 O that each, in the day of His coming, may say
I have fought my way through; [to do.
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
Well and faithfully done! [throne.
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my

140 886, 886.

Gratitude evinced by living to God's glory.

BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.
2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given:
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

141 7s & 6s.

The patience of hope.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love!
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu:
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with trials
And troubles on your way,
Cast all your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request:
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

HOPE.

142 C. M.

Radiant hope.

O WHO, in such a world as this,
Could bear his lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?
That hope the sov'reign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope that unites the soul to heaven
By faith's endearing ties.

2 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the ling'ring heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

143 C. M.

We all shall meet in heaven.

HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony Divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven;
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around thy cot!
What though beneath an Eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot!
Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And home immortal grows,
O sacred hope! O blissful hope! &c.

144 C. M.

The full assurance of hope.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith, I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day:

We feel the resurrection near—
  Our life in Christ conceal'd—
And with his glorious presence here
  Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
  And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
  To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
  Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
  To all eternity.

145 886, 886.

Bliss-inspiring hope.

COME on, my partners in distress,
  My comrades through the wilderness,
  Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
  To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
  The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
  And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

146 4s & 6s, or C. M.

Prospect of heaven.

WHILE here I sit
At Jesus' feet,
Amid the vale of tears;
I'll trust his grace
And sing his praise,
Nor yield to doubts and fears.

2 And can it be
That I shall see
My Saviour face to face?
Forever prove
His boundless love,
And endless anthems raise?

3 The thought shall still
My musings fill,
By cares and sorrows press'd;
The blessed hope
Shall lift me up—
The hope of endless rest.

4 When God appears
To wipe the tears
From every pilgrim's eye,
What tongue can tell
The joys they'll feel
Throughout eternity!

147 L. M.

In hope, believing against hope.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear;
He hides the brightness of his face:

But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up;
Salvation is in Jesus' name.
To me he soon shall bring it nigh;
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

GROWTH IN GRACE AND ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

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148 L. M.

The light yoke and easy burden.

O THAT my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove:
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

149 C. M.

Entire purification.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

150 C. M.

The refining fire of the Holy Spirit.

JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

151 L. M.

Renouncing all for Christ.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth let no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

152 C. M.

A perfect heart the Redeemer's throne.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free:
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love Divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of love.

153 4 6s & 2 8s.

Invoking the presence of Christ.

COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid my rivals flee;
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make thy heart my lasting home.

2 Exert thy mighty pow'r,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all thy graces in:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

4 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love;
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

154 C. M.

The believer's rest.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our souls' desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart—
The Sabbath of thy love.

155 4 6s & 2 8s.

Rejoicing in prospect of the blessing.

YE ransom'd sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord;
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near:
Again I say, Rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Who Jesus' suff'rings share,
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

156 886, 886.

The glorious hope.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
Endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing bless'd:
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess:
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

157 C. M.

Longing to be dissolved in love.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

158 8 *lines* 8s.

Following the Lamb.

WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
My hope is all center'd in thee;
I trust to recover thy love;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
That gush'd from Immanuel's side!
I gasp for the streams of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to redrink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

159 87, 87, 87, 87.

The new creation.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion—
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit;
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive:
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

PRAISE.

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160 C. M.

General invitation to praise the Redeemer.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancel'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 He speaks; and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

161 87, 87.

Glory to the Lamb.

HARK! the notes of angels, singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3 Fill'd with holy emulation,
We unite with those above:
Sweet the theme—a free salvation—
Fruit of everlasting love.

4 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

162 C. M.

All His works praise Him.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy almighty power:
The birds, that rise on quiv'ring wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise;
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee an anthem raise.

2 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
'Mid nature's loud acclaim?
Shall not my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth thy holy name?

All nature's debt is small to mine;
  Nature shall cease to be;
Thou gavest—proof of love Divine—
  Immortal life to me.

163 87, 87, 47.

Halleluiah.

O THOU God of my salvation,
  My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy Divine compassion,
  Who hast died my heart to win,
    I will praise thee:
  Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
  He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
  And when Jesus doth appear,
    Soul and body
  Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
  Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vieing—
  Glory! glory to the Lamb!
    O how precious
  Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song;
Halleluiah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

164 4 6s & 2 8s.

Rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
  Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
  And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
  And all our sins destroy;
Let every bosom swell
  With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
  Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
  To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound—Rejoice!

165 2 12s & 2 9s.

COME away to the skies, My beloved arise,
  And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day, Come exulting away,
  And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love, And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of our Lord, We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive From his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we were First created, to share
Both thy nature and kingdom Divine;
Now created again, That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity, thine.

5 With thanks we approve The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart, That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, O there, at his feet, We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Halleluiah we sing, To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain, Halleluiah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

166 S. M.

Glory begun below.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers.
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

167 87, 87, 87, 87.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

168 8 *lines* 7s.

Witnesses for Jesus.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns Divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Ante-date the joys above—
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:

We like them may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' Name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full, for all, of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER.

169 S. M.

The spirit of prayer.

THE praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace;
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

170 S. M.

For diligence and watchfulness.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
O! may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O! thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

171 C. M.

Communion with God.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy strain
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utt'rance faileth there;
But God himself doth comprehend,
And answer silent prayer.

172 4s & 7s or 8s & 7s.

Prayer for forgiveness.

SAVIOUR, hear us
Through thy merit,
Lowly bending at thy feet;
O, draw near us
By thy Spirit,
Prostrate at the mercy-seat.
O, draw near, &c.

2 Wretched, sinful,
And unworthy;
Sick, and poor, and deaf, and blind:
Oft unmindful
While before thee,
Of our need of such a Friend.
Oft unmindful, &c.

3 O, how precious
Is the favor
Of forgiveness through thy blood:
Come, thou gracious,
Bleeding Saviour,
Be our Advocate with God.
Come, thou gracious, &c.

4 For the joys
Of thy salvation,
Still we raise our cries to thee;
Hear the voice
Of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.
Hear the voice, &c.

173 4 *lines* 7s.

Weak and helpless.

SON of God, thy blessing grant;
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed;
From thy fullness I am fed.

2 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I—
Wither without thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy:
O, confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me persevering grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

174 C. M.

Secret devotion.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays!
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light Divine!
And—all harmonious names in one—
Bless'd Saviour, thou art mine.

175 C. M.

For a tender conscience.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin—
A pain to feel it near:
I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

176 7s.

The hour of prayer.

CHILD, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Call'd thy harvest work to leave;
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

2 *Traveler*, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath no leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the head and bend the knee!

3 *Warrior*, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun!
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain:
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

177 11s.

The bower of prayer.

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home, affects not my heart,
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
From that bless'd retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head,
How oft I have knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

3 The early, shrill notes of a loved nightingale,
That dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

4 'Twas under the covert of that pleasant grove,
That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove;
Presented himself as the only true way
Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray.

5 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

6 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deignèd to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft fill'd me with raptures and blessedness there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer.

7 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Saviour resides ev'ry-where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

8 Although I shall never revisit the shade,
Yet oft shall I think of the vows I have made;
And while at a distance my mind will repair
To the place where my Saviour first answer'd my prayer.

178 L. M.

Sweet hour of prayer.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolations share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my heaven, and at the sight
Put off this robe of flesh, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
Shouting, as I pass through the air,
Farewell! farewell! sweet hour of prayer!

179 886, 886.

Longing to be at the right hand of God.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To call thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy pard'ning voice, O, let me hear!
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face:
Then, loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of saving grace.

180 L. M.

For the Saviour's protection.

JESUS, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way—my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

2 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call—
Only by faith in thee I stand.

181

6 *lines* 8s.

Wrestling Jacob. I will not let thee go.

COME, O thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hath call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

182 P. M.

Prayer, sweet prayer.

WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases and softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.

Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When far from the friends we hold dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart—
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
O, how painfully pleasing! 'tis hallow'd by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer! &c.

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms,
We listen, and loiter, are caught in the snare,
But looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer! &c.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
Heaven pours its full streams through no medium but this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer! &c.

EMBLEMS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

A WARFARE.

183 S. M.

Perseverance.

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help Divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God,
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his Divine abode.

184 C. M.

Faith sees the final triumph.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar—
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
When all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

A PILGRIMAGE.

185 10s & 11s.

Sojourning at Marah. Exodus xv, 23–27.

ENCAMP'D by the waters of suffering and grief,
My comforts embitter'd, I cry for relief;
My sandals are ready, I wait the command
To march on my journey to Canaan's land.

2 But if by the waters of Marah I stay,
I'll patiently drink of them day after day,
If thou, my kind Guide, wilt but cast in the tree
Of promise, and render them sweet unto me.

3 Bereavements repeated of friendships so dear,
Have render'd quite lonely my residence here;
And but for the loved ones who need I should stay,
I could wish that my Father would beckon away.

4 I know that afflictions in kindness are given,
To wean from the present, and point me to heaven;
And the bitterest sorrow is sweeten'd to me,
By the branch, stem, and root of life's healing tree.

5 My future I know not, but look to my Guide,
And this gives contentment—"The Lord will provide."
Perhaps on to Elim my way may be made,
To wells fill'd with comforts, and palm-trees of shade.

6 I will not be anxious or careful to know
How much tribulation awaits me below;
'Tis enough that the Lamb in the midst of the throne
Shall feed me in heaven as one of his own.

186 C. M.

A pilgrim.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Passing through this darksome vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Halleluiah! halleluiah!

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Traveling through this lonely void;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm bless'd with such a Guide.
O! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
O! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Yes, unseen; but still, believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end;
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

6 No; that stream hath nothing frightful:
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

187

4 *lines* 7s.

The pilgrim's song.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
Victory, victory,
When we've gain'd the victory,
O how happy we shall be,
When we've gain'd the victory.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
Victory, &c.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
Victory, &c.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.
Victory, &c.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

188 P. M.

Here is no rest.

HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish away;
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame:
I will go forward, for this is my theme,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, I am blest:
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They have been call'd to receive their reward;
There, there is rest, there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus's breast,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

189 P. M.

I have started for Canaan.

I HAVE started for Canaan, must I leave you behind?
Will you not go with me? Come, make up your mind:
The land lies before us, 'tis pleasant to view;
Its fruits are abundant, they are offer'd to you.
Come, come, friends; friends, come;
I've started for Canaan, O! will you not come?

2 What can tempt you to linger, or turn from the way?
The fields are all blooming, as blooming as May.
The music is charming, the harmony pure;
The joys there are lasting, they ever endure.
Come, &c.

3 You have friends in that country, most dear to your heart,
Do you not wish to meet them, where friends never part?
Then start in a moment, no longer delay;
While you stop to consider, the night ends the day.
Come, &c.

4 'Tis the last call of mercy, O! turn,
lest you die; [he is nigh:
Give your heart to the Saviour, to-day
While his arms are extended, while his
children all pray, [us to-day.
Will you not join our number? Come, join
Come, &c.

190 87, 87, 47.

The pilgrim's guide and guardian.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

191 7s & 4s.

The lonely traveler.

I'M a lonely trav'ler here,
Weary, oppress'd;
But my journey's end is near—
Soon I shall rest!
Dark and dreary is the way,
Toiling I've come;
Ask me not with you to stay;
Yonder's my home.

2 I'm a weary trav'ler here,
I must go on,
For my journey's end is near—
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live—
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome, sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heav'n be mine.

5 I'm a trav'ler—call me not—
Upward my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot;
I cannot stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call—
Yonder's my home.

192 L. M.

The happy pilgrim.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.
How free from every anxious thought!
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, bright Canaan.
I'm bound for the land of Canaan;
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

2 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown.
O Canaan, &c.

3 I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight.
O Canaan, &c.

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there.
O Canaan, &c.

5 If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too.
O Canaan, &c.

6 I have some friends, before me gone,
And I'm resolved to travel on.
O Canaan, &c.

7 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
While higher still our joys they rise.
O Canaan, &c.

193 P. M.

I'm a pilgrim.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 Of that city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing;
Nor any tears, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3 There the glory is ever shining;
O! my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wander'd, forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

4 Father, mother, and sister, brother,
If you will not journey with me, I must go;
For since your vain hope you still will cherish,
Should I, too, linger, and with you perish?
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

5 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warn'd you;
I must leave you, I must leave you, and be gone;
With this your portion, your heart's desire,
Why will you perish in raging fire?
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

6 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you'll be array'd;
For He who form'd thee will soon restore thee,
From sin and death, to praise and glory.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

194 C. M.

At evening time it shall be light.

WE journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.

2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light!

3 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path a while,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

4 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power Divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
  His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
  A pledge that storms shall cease.

6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchill'd,
  By faith, and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfill'd—
  At eve it shall be light.

A RACE.

195 C. M.

The race for glory.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
  And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
  And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
  That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
  To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
  Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
  And onward urge thy way.

4 Bless'd Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

A VOYAGE.

196 S. M.

Walking by faith.

IF, on a quiet sea,
T'ward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fav'ring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Bless'd be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

197 6s & 8s.

The Christian's spiritual voyage.

JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye:
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land—
The port of endless rest:
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord! still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Ghost! and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below
To heaven, my destined place!
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

198 7s.

"Follow me."

VOYAGER on life's troubled sea,
Sailing to eternity,
Turn from earthly things away;
Vain they are, and brief their stay;
Chaining down to earth the heart,
Nothing lasting they impart;
Voyager! what are they to thee?
Leave them all, and "follow me."

2 Traveler on the road of life,
Seeking pleasure, finding strife,
Know, the world can never give
Aught on which the soul can live.

Grasp not riches, seek not fame,
Shining dust and sounding name;
Traveler! what are they to thee?
Leave them all, and "follow me."

3 Pilgrim through this vale of tears,
Banish all thy doubts and fears;
Lift thine eyes—a heaven's above!
Think, there dwells a God of love;
Wouldst thou favor with him find?
Keep his counsels in thy mind:
Pilgrim! much he's done for thee;
Wilt thou then not "follow me?"

4 Wanderer from the Father's throne,
Hasten back, thy erring own;
Turn—thy path leads not to heaven;
Turn—thy faults will be forgiven;
Turn, and let thy songs of praise
Mingle with angelic lays.
Wanderer, have they charms for thee?
Yes, they have; then "follow me."

199 C. M.

"Follow me."

"MY Saviour, can I follow thee,
When all is dark before?
While midnight rests upon the sea,
How can I reach the shore?

2 O let thy Star of Love but shine,
Though with a feeble ray;
'Twill gild the edge of every wave,
And light my gloomy way.

3 Then gladly will I follow Thee,
Though hurricanes appear,
Singing sweet carols o'er the sea,
A cheerful mariner.

200 P. M.

Vain world, adieu.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God!

VICISSITUDES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

AFFLICTION.

201 8 *lines* 8s.

Happiness of those whom God correcteth.

HOW happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above!
Indulged with a visit of pain—
Chastised by omnipotent love;
The Author of all his distress
He comes by affliction to know,
And God he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffer'd below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And bear the intent of his rod;
The marks of adoption receive—
The strokes of a merciful God:

With nearer access to his throne,
My burden of folly confess;
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,
On me, in affliction, bestow
A power of applying to thee—
A sanctified use of my woe:
I would, in a spirit of prayer,
To all thy appointments submit;
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain—
Of dying in Jesus's love:
A sufferer here with my Lord,
With Jesus above I sit down;
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory obtain in a crown.

202 C. M.

Goodness and mercy.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
  When virtue lies distress'd
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
  Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
  Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
  Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
  From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
  Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
  And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
  The honors of their God.

203 11s.

My rest is in heaven.

MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;
  Then why should I tremble when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city that hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus's breast.

4 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy—
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

5 Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at its close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my Saviour will make up for all.

6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste, through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

204 C. M.

The only solace in sorrow.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not His wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

5 Then sorrow, touch'd by Him, grows
bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

TEMPTATION.

205

6 *lines* 7s.

Christ an example in suffering.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn from him to watch and pray.

2 See him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraign'd;
See him meekly bearing all!
Love to man his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain view,
There the Lord of glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursed tree:
"It is finish'd!" hear him cry:
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

4 To the rocky tomb repair,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
Angels kept their vigils there—
Who hath taken him away?
"Christ is risen," he seeks the skies;
Saviour! teach us so to rise.

206 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Cast down, yet hoping.

O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone:
Look to Jesus;
Put thy trust in him alone.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex thy spirit day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer;
Faith in Christ shall win the day.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Fiends without, and foes within;
Jesus lives; he'll ne'er forget thee;
He will save thee from all sin:
He is faithful;
None shall find his promise vain.

4 Though afflictions now attend thee,
And thou tread'st a thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee,
He will bring thee home to God:
Therefore praise him,
Trav'ling to his bless'd abode.

207 886, 886.

For power over temptation.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armor arm;
In each approach of sin, alarm,
And show the danger near:
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gath'ring frown,
And feel thy warning eye:
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink:
O save me, or I die.

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look—
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me, like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, t' appear
Before thy glorious face.

OLD AGE.

208

886, 886,

The aged pilgrim.

THY mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with kind, paternal care,
Sustain'd my childish days:
Thy goodness watch'd my ripening youth,
And form'd my heart to love thy truth,
And fill'd my lips with praise.

2 And now, in age and grief, thy Name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O, yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee!

3 Yes; broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

209 8s & 7s.

The old man's prayer.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh:
Tarry with me! tarry with me!
Pass me not unheeded by.

2 Many friends were gather'd round me:
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last:
I am lonely—tarry with me
Till this dreary night is past!

3 Dimm'd to me is earthly beauty;
Yet the spirit-eye would fain
Rest upon thy lovely features;
Shall I seek, dear Lord, in vain?
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Let me see thy smile again!

4 Dull my ear to earth-born music—
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer!
Feeble, tottering are my footsteps,
Sinks my heart with sudden fear;
Cast thine arms, dear Lord, around me!
Let me feel thy presence near!

5 Faithful mem'ry sets before me
Every deed and thought of sin;
Open thou the blood-fill'd fountain,
Cleanse my guilty soul within!
Tarry, thou forgiving Saviour!
Wash me wholly from my sin!

6 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances—
Shall it be a night of rest?
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast!

7 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness:
When I sleep, still watch by me
Till the morning, then awake me,
Dearest Lord, to dwell with thee!

210 6 *lines* 8s.

Aged and helpless.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art—
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

VANITY OF EARTH AND VALUE OF RELIGION.

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211 P. M.

The pearl for me.

THE world their fancied pearl may crave,
'Tis not the pearl for me;
'Twill lose its luster in the grave,
'Twill perish in the sea.
But there's a pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought with gold;
The sinking soul 'twill save:
O! that's the pearl for me.

2 Let pleasure chaunt her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me;
To weeping it will turn ere long,
For this is Heaven's decree.
But there's a song the ransom'd sing,
To Jesus, their exalted King,
With joyful heart and tongue:
O! that's the song for me.

212 C. M.

Something new.

SINCE man by sin has lost his God,
He seeks creation through;
And vainly strives for solid bliss
In trying something new.

2 The new possess'd, like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue;
The bubble now no longer charms—
The mind wants something new.

3 Could we but call all Europe ours,
California and Peru,
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when the Saviour's love we feel,
All good in him we view;
The mind forsakes its vain delights,
In Christ finds something new.

5 The joys the dear Redeemer gives
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

6 Cheerful we'll walk the road to bliss,
Join'd with a happy few;
And when we reach our journey's end,
Find heaven forever new.

213 P. M.

The pearl of great price.

THE pearl that wordlings covet,
Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly
As sunshine on the sea.
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
It's call'd the pearl of greatest price:
Though few its value see,
O! that's the pearl for me.

2 The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee.
But there's a crown prepared above
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 'twill be:
O! that's the crown for me.

3 The road that many travel,
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
It's mark'd by Christ's most precious blood;
The passage here is free:
O! that's the road for me.

4 The hope that sinners cherish,
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free.
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee:
O! that's the hope for me.

214

4 *lines* 7s.

All-sufficient grace.

CHRISTIAN! toiling for the prize
Kept for thee beyond the skies;
Warring with the powers of sin,
Foes without, and foes within;

2 Breathing now in rapture's air,
Verging then upon despair;
Trembling, hoping, fill'd with pain,
Yet rejoicing once again:

3 Shrink not from life's bitter cup,
God shall bear thy spirit up;
Till thy spirit is set free,
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

215 P. M.

God is love.

WHAT sound is this? a song through heav'n resounding,
God is Love! God is Love!
And now from earth I hear the song rebounding,
God is Love! God is Love!
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture cries the same,
God is Love! God is Love!

2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,
God is Love! God is Love!
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,
God is Love! God is Love!
In this let earth and heaven agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
God is Love! God is Love!

3 Creation speaks with thousand tongues proclaiming,
God is Love! God is Love!
And providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
God is Love! God is Love!
But let the burden'd sinner hear
The Gospel sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is Love! God is Love!

4 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
God is Love! God is Love!
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing:
God is Love! God is Love!
That God is love I know full well;
And had I power his love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell,
God is Love! God is Love!

5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
God is Love! God is Love!
And while I live I'll ask no other treasure,
God is Love! God is Love!
This theme shall be my song below;
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,
God is Love! God is Love!

216 C. M.

The world has lost its charms.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

217 11s & 10s.

Solomon's Song, i, 7, 8.

O TELL me, thou life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control;
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

2 O, tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distress'd
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 O, why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where afflictions and woes,
And temptations their ruin are proving?

4 O, when shall my woes and wanderings cease,
And the follies that fill me with weeping?
Thou Shepherd of Israel! restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return
By the way where the foot-prints are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
O, fair one, now homeward be flying!

218 P. M.

The heavenly portion.

RELIGION is a glorious treasure,
The purchase of a Saviour's love;
It fills the mind with consolation,
It lifts the heart to things above;
It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,
It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea;
'Tis mix'd with goodness, meek, humble patience;
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

2 How vain, how fleeting, how transitory!
This world, with all its pomp and show,
Its vain delights and delusive pleasures;
I gladly leave them all below;
But grace and glory shall be my story,
While I in Jesus such beauties see;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3 This earthly house shall be dissolved,
And mortal life will soon be o'er;
All earthly cares and earthly sorrows
Shall pain my heart and eyes no more;
Yet "pure religion" remains forever,
And strengthen'd my glad heart shall be;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

219 7s & 6s.

Aspiring after heaven.

FROM ev'ry earthly pleasure,
From ev'ry transient joy,
From ev'ry mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From ev'ry piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away:
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light;
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true we are but strangers
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
There is a rest above,
And onward we are pressing,
To reach that land of love.

220 87, 87, 87.

Worldly pleasures renounced.

VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures;
Mix'd with dross the purest gold;
Seek we then for heavenly treasures—
Treasures never waxing old.
Let our best affections center
On the things around the throne:
There no thief can ever enter;
Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing;
Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn, or evening shade.

221 C. M.

The Sun of righteousness.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
The Lord of Life arises,
With healing in his wings.
While comforts are declining,
He sees us in distress;
Then heals us by his shining,
The Sun of righteousness.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Then freed from care and sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring hither what it may.

3 His presence fills the valleys,
And crowns the lofty hills;
He clothes the feeble lilies,
And waters them with rills:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree either
Its fruit or leaves should bear;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

222 P. M.

Paradise lost and regained.

THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,
In Eden once flowing in streams from above,
That bless'd every moment the first happy pair,
'Till sin stopp'd the torrent, and brought in despair.

2 O wretched condition! what anguish and pain!
They thirst for the fountain, and seek it in vain;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught still increases their grief.

3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we
complain!
Our Jesus has open'd the fountain again:
Now, mingled with mercy, and rich with
free grace,
From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.

223 7s.

The pleasures of religion.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

224 7s.

The fading flower.

SEE the lovely, blooming flow'r
Fade and wither in an hour;
So our transient comforts fly,
Earthly pleasures bloom to die.

2 See the leaves are falling fast,
Scatter'd by th' autumnal blast:
So our youthful joys will fade,
Anxious cares our breasts invade.

3 Time is passing swift away,
Earthly bliss will soon decay;
Seek we then to find on high
Pleasures that can never die.

4 'Tis alone beyond the tomb
Vernal flow'rs forever bloom:
Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
For thy holy dwelling place.

225 L. M.

Loving-kindness.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell, my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

226 8s & 6s.

Nothing true but heaven.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:
There's nothing *true* but heaven.

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And genius' bud and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb:
There's nothing *bright* but heaven.

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way:
There's nothing *calm* but heaven.

4 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace:
There's nothing *good* but heaven.

227

8s & 6s.

Heaven on earth.

THIS world's not "all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;"
He that hath soothed the widow's woe,
Or wiped the orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

2 And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He that the Christian's course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God, and love to man,
On earth hath tasted heaven.

4 From such as walk in wisdom's road,
Corroding fears are driven;
They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.

228 C. M.

Grace.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
I'm bound for the promised land,
I'm bound for the promised land;
My Saviour calls, and I must go,
I'm bound for the promised land.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.
I'm bound, &c.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
I'm bound, &c.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.
I'm bound, &c.

229 11s.

Precious promises.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled:

2 "In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

UNFAITHFULNESS AND BACKSLIDING.

230 C. M.

Lamenting spiritual sloth.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul:
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants! for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts!

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

231 10s.

The weary dove.

A WEAK and weary dove, with drooping wing,
And tired of wandering o'er this watery waste,
Jesus, my ark! once more, a worthless thing,
To thee I fly, thy pardoning love to taste.

2 For since I left thy sweet, secure retreat,
In search of pleasures fair, though false and vain,
My peace—my joy have flown; no rest my feet
Have found; and now I turn to thee again!

3 I've sought for rest in friendship's hallow'd shrine,
But loved ones change, and earth's endearments end;
No love is true and lasting, Lord, but thine;
Henceforth, Incarnate Love, be thou my friend.

4 I've sought to find a place to rest my feet
In fame's alluring temple, bright and gay;
In health, and competence, and pleasures sweet,
But short and transient as the passing day.

5 Yet all in vain; o'er all this dreary waste
Of sin and sorrow, toil, and care, and pain,
No spot I've found my weary feet to rest;
And now, sweet ark, I fly to thee again.

232 S. M.

The warning voice of Jesus.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole.

2 Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power.

3 Give me on thee to call—
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:

6 Come back! this is the way;
Come back, and walk therein:
O! may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin.

233 L. M.

Conviction and hope.

I LEFT the God of truth and light,
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.

2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne;
Through all his bonds of love I broke,
I cast away his gifts with scorn.

3 I dream'd of bliss in pleasure's bowers;
While pillowing roses stay'd my head;
But serpents hiss'd among the flowers;
I woke, and thorns were all my bed.

4 In riches, when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gains my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasure fleeting dust.

5 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty vengeance, from thy frown?
Eternal justice, from thine eye?

6 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

7 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
In sore distress I turn to thee;
I claim acceptance on thy word;
My God, my God, forsake not me!

8 Prostrate before the mercy seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perish'd at thy feet,
And I will lie forever there.

234 S. M.

Restore my peace.

AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art:
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
I lift my helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

5 I long to see thy face;
Thy Spirit I implore—
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

235 S. M.

The wanderer returning.

HOW oft this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet mercy calls, Return;
Saviour, to thee I come:
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 Thy love, so free, so sweet,
Bless'd Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

236 C. M.

Lamenting the absence of the Spirit.

O FOR a closer walk with God—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

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237 P. M.

"Shed not a tear."

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, I am gone;
Smile if the slow-tolling bell you should hear,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave;
Think who has died, his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have,
When I am gone, I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone, I am gone;
Sing ye a song if my grave ye should see,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray,
Come, and rejoice that I thus pass'd away,
When I am gone, I am gone.

238 12s & 11s.

Thou art gone to the grave.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee;
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Thy glorified spirit has join'd the bless'd throng;
For the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we
will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy Guar-
dian and Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will
restore thee,
And death has no sting since the Saviour
hath died.

239 L. M.

Asleep in Jesus.

ASLEEP in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely bless'd:
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

240 L. M.

Death peaceful and triumphant.

SWEET is the scene where Christians die,
Where holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye;
How gently heaves th' expiring breast;

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fann'd by some guardian angel's wing;
O grave! where is thy victory now?
And where, O death! is now thy sting?

241

4 *lines* 11s.

Seraphic music.

WHAT seraph-like music falls sweet on the ear,
In strains so delightful? O, list that ye hear!
Those rich, flowing numbers, so liquid and clear,
Breathe rapture untold from some heavenly sphere.

2 'Tis the sweet flowing music that steals o'er the wave
Of Jordan's lone river, as its billows I brave;
'Tis the music of angels, who hasten to bear
My soul o'er the waters, to that blessed shore.

242

8s & 7s.

The final farewell.

SOLEMN scene, though full of blessing,
When the loved of earth depart;
Weeping friends, and friends caressing,
Tend to melt and soothe the heart.

2 In the overflow of feeling,
In the heavings of the soul,
All the depths of love revealing,
While the tears of anguish roll.

3 Do we see the fond affections
Growing stronger in the strife,
And the native predilections
Interwoven with the life?

4 But the heart is nigh to breaking,
And the deeper feelings swell,
As the preparation's making
For the final, sad farewell.

5 Yet the thought, the thought of meeting,
When this changeful life is o'er,
And the welcome, blissful greeting
On the bright, immortal shore,

6 Calms and soothes the deep emotion,
And dispels the heavy gloom,
While we view the blissful portion,
And the triumph o'er the tomb.

243 8s & 7s.

The dying saint.

PARTING soul, the flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar;
Yet rejoice, the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.

2 There are crowns and thrones of glory;
There the living waters glide;
There the just in shining raiment,
Standing by Immanuel's side.

3 Linger not, the stream is narrow;
Though its cold, dark waters rise,
He who pass'd the flood before thee
Guides thy path to yonder skies.

244 P. M.

All is well.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame?
Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see.
All is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, weep not for me;
All is well.
My sins are pardoned, I am free.
All is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies.
All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory;
All is well.
I will rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well.
Bright angels have from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well.

4 Hark, hark! my Lord and Master calls me;
All is well.
I soon shall see his face in glory.
All is well.
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you;
My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail! ye blood-wash'd throng,
Saved by grace.
I've come to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
O, halleluiah to the Lamb!
All is well.

245 L. M.

Those who sleep in Jesus.

THE hireling, weary of his load,
Longs to behold the evening sun;
And there remains a bless'd abode,
To cheer us when our race is run.
What privilege! to see the stream
That bounds the worlds of faith and sight;
To catch the first inspiring gleam
Of heaven's unfolding visions bright:

2 To feel our tenement decline,
Our fabric shake, without a sigh,
Supported by a hope divine,
The hope of immortality!
At length to pass the barrier dread!
The pang of parting scarce perceived;
And, while survivors' tears are shed,
To be, by Christ, with smiles received.

3 To sleep in Jesus! rapturous thought!
To close in peace our mortal days;
Safe to the heavenly Canaan brought,
To join the anthems angels raise.
To sleep in Jesus! what delight!
Increasing still and evermore:
To mingle with the saints in light,
And be as pure and happy too:

4 To dread no pain, to know no care,
No sin or frailty to molest;
And on each glorious object there
To see eternity impress'd!
Haste, moments, to unloose my chains!
Come, Jesus! let me sleep in thee;
The happiest hour that time retains
Is that which sets my spirit free.

246 87, 87.

Funeral Hymn.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of ev'ning,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our song shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us!
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

247 4 *lines* 11s.

I would not live alway.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for its joys, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom!
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet:
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

248 P. M.

Weep not for me.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.
Christ is mine—he cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength forever!
Weep not for me.

DEATH IN GENERAL.

249 P. M.

The Shunammite's son.

THE child! the child! the kind old prophet said,
Is it well? is it well?
Doth it still live? or is the sweet one dead?
Is it well? is it well?

I fear me, by that alter'd mien,
It is no more as it hath been—
No more among the living seen:
Is it well? is it well?

2 'Tis well, 'tis well, the mother weeping said;
It is well, it is well;
So must it be, to heaven its soul has fled;
It is well, it is well:
But ah! my heart is rent in twain.
What joys to me on earth remain,
Since death my dearest joy hath slain?
It is well, it is well.

3 But from the dead that mother grasp'd her son,
He arose, he arose;
Sprung forth to life that cherish'd, lovely one,
He arose, he arose;
And so shall rise each infant dear,
That parents fondly cherish'd here;
Before the Lord shall all appear,
All shall rise, all shall rise.

4 What though the dust a while to dust return,
It is well, it is well;
It is not meet that we should sadly mourn,
It is well, it is well:

The happy spirit, robed in white,
To climes of glory wings its flight,
And there, before the throne of light,
It is well, it is well.

250 C. M.

The resting-place.

THE world hath one sweet resting-place,
Where mourners find repose,
And sorrow's children cease to weep,
Regardless of their woes;
Where never was an eye impearl'd
With one unbidden tear,
Or strain of grief, or tale of woe,
Assail'd the listless ear.

2 And monarchs quit their regal state,
For its unbroken peace;
And beauty's blooming daughters in
Its hallow'd garments dress;
And saints in glorious hope repose
Within its beamless shade;
And sinners cease from troubling,
Where they rest each weary head.

3 It bids all human sorrow cease,
And every storm be calm:
And heals up every bleeding heart,
With an unearthly balm;

And when each tender tie that bound
The soul to earth is riven,
It shines along life's wilderness,
The vestibule of heaven.

4 And Time's vast family must dwell
Within that lone retreat,
And every beating pulse will there
Its genial warmth forget,
When life's last sparks shall fade away,
Like sunbeams from the wave:
This dwelling is *the sepulcher;*
This resting-place *the grave.*

251 886, 886.

The brink of fate.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here—
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

252 P. M. 66, 86, 88.

Friends separated for a season.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were bless'd.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

253 886, 886.

The momentous question.

AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery and joy;
But, O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.

Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

RESURRECTION.

254 —— P. M.

Saints, arise.

SOON we shall see, shall see the glorious morning;
Saints, arise—saints, arise;
Sinners, attend; attend the notes of warning;
Saints, arise—saints, arise;
The resurrection-day draws near,
The King of saints shall soon appear,
And high unfurl his banner here;
Saints, arise—saints, arise.

2 Hear ye the trump, the trump of God resounding;
Saints, arise—saints, arise;
Through death's dark vaults, dark vaults, its notes rebounding;
Saints, arise—saints, arise;
To meet the Bridegroom, haste, prepare,
Put on your bridal garments fair,
And hail your Saviour in the air;
Saints, arise—saints, arise.

3 The saints who sleep, who sleep, with joy awaken;
All arise, all arise;
Their clay-cold beds, cold beds, are quick forsaken:
All arise, all arise;
Not one of all the faithful few
Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
But starts, with bliss, his Lord to view:
All arise, all arise.

4 Pursue them on, them on, their pathway glorious;
All arise, all arise;
Led by their King, their King o'er death victorious,
All arise, all arise;
On Zion's hill secure they stand,
With palms of victory in their hand;
To that long-sought, and peaceful land,
All arise, all arise.

5 Fast by the throne, the throne of God, behold them;
Blissful scene, blissful scene!
And in his arms, his arms, the Saviour folds them;
Blissful scene, blissful scene!
With wreaths of glory round their head,
No tears of sorrow now are shed,
To joy's full fountain all are led;
All is bliss, all is bliss.

JUDGMENT.

255 ——— 87, 87, 47.

Behold, he cometh!

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Halleluiah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshipers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known:
Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

256 P. M.

O, there will be mourning.

O, THERE will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning,
O, there will be mourning
At the judgment-seat of Christ.
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

2 O, there will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning,
O, there will be mourning
At the judgment-seat of Christ.
Wives and husbands there will part, &c.

3 O, there will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning,
O, there will be mourning
At the judgment-seat of Christ.
Brothers and sisters there will part, &c.

4 O, there will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning,
O, there will be mourning
At the judgment-seat of Christ.
Pastors and people there will part, &c.

5 O, there will be glory,
Glory, glory, glory,
O, there will be glory
At the judgment-seat of Christ.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

257 C. M.

Secrets of the heart made known.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

258 87, 87, 47.

We also shall appear with Him in glory.

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When, with angel hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth, the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

4 With what diff'rent exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me:
All discern him:
All with shouts cry out, 'Tis He!
5 Lo, 'tis He! our heart's Desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of vict'ry,
Crowns of glory, to bestow.

HEAVEN.

259 8s & 6s.

There is a holier clime.

THERE is a holier clime than ours,
Where no rude storms are driven
Across our path, to blight the flowers,
Or crush the hopes of sunny hours—
For this pure clime is heaven.
2 Then, when life's fountains cease to play,
And being's link is riven,
O may our spirits soar away,
And bathe in glory's brightest ray,
Around the throne of heaven.

260 C. M.

The goodly city in prospect.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?
This world is not my home,
This world is not my home;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?
This world is not my home, &c.

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
This world is not my home, &c.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
This world is not my home, &c.

5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.
This world is not my home, &c.

261 P. M.

A home far away.

THERE is a home, a home fadeless and bright,
Far away, far away;
There is no dark, no dark and stormy night,
Far away, far away;
For Jesus said, "I will prepare
Thee, child of earth, a dwelling fair:"
O, may I have a mansion there!
Far away, far away.

2 Then let the storm, the storm be wild and long,
Jesus loves, Jesus loves;
And this shall be, shall be my daily song,
Jesus loves, Jesus loves;
He loves, he loves; I know, I feel,
Frail as I am he loves me still;
O, may I do his blessed will!
Jesus loves, Jesus loves.

3 And then at home, at home we soon shall be,
Far away, far away;
From care and pain, from pain will soon be free,
Far away, far away;
There tears of grief are never known;
And swiftly we are passing on
To that bright land we call our own,
Far away, far away.

262 8s & 6s.

The land of rest.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays Divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

263 P. M.

The pilgrim's home.

MID scenes of affliction, with sorrow oppress'd,
How oft have I sigh'd for the season of rest;
When no more in this wilderness world I shall roam,
But find, in the bosom of Jesus, a home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 No spot on this earth can give permanent bliss;
No home for the stranger and pilgrim is this;
But beyond the bright azure, the star-spangled dome,
We'll find, in the bosom of Jesus, a home.
Home, home, &c.

3 This hope cheers the prospect that's
gloomy and drear,
And points to the haven of rest that is
near;
O, there in sweet fields of delight we
shall roam,
And find, in the bosom of Jesus, a home!
Home, home! &c.

4 My home is in heaven, my rest is not
here;
Then why should I murmur when trials
are near?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit; the worst that
can come,
But shortens my journey, and hastens me
home.
Home, home! &c.

264 64, 64, 67, 64.

The happy land.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King:
Loud let his praises ring
For evermore.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Bless'd evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

265 8 *lines* 8s.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above—
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil, is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

266 P. M.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
And everlasting mansions,
And saints array'd in white,
There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

2 It is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care;
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new;
They praise th' eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.

267 C. M.

The heavenly Canaan.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
O, that will be joyful! joyful! joyful!
O, that will be joyful!
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore;
'Tis there we'll meet at Jesus' feet,
We'll meet to part no more.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
O, that will be joyful! &c.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
O, that will be joyful! &c.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.
O, that will be joyful! &c.

268 P. M.

Eden of love.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest;
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall meet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the bless'd;
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud halleluiahs their voices shall raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall reëcho through heaven,
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, though Jesus's love."
Though prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation;
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love!

269 6s & 5s.

When shall we meet again?

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never!

2 When shall love purely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no, never!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never, no, never!

270 P. M.

The heavenly home.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander'd through earth, its gay pleasures to trace,
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, &c.

3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, &c.

4 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room;
O there may I feast with his children at home.
Home, home, &c.

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence forever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with my Saviour, at home.

271 P. M.

A home in heaven.

A HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought;
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart oppress'd, and with anguish driven,
From his home below to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid:
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
O! then what bliss, in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven?

5 A home in heaven! when our friends
are fled,
To the cheerless gloom of the moldering
dead,
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in
heaven.

6 A home in heaven! when the wheel is
broke,
And the golden bowl, by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's
dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in
heaven.

7 Our home in heaven! O, the glorious
home,
And the Spirit, join'd with the bride, says
"Come:"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

272 S. M.

At home in heaven.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

273 11s.

The Christian Home.

MY soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue,
Could I meet with angels I'd sing them a song;
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory,
my home.

2 O Jesus! O Jesus! thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart whole:
O bring me to view thee, thou glorious King,
In oceans of glory thy praises to sing!
Home, home, &c.

3 A glimpse of bright glory surprises my soul,
I sing in sweet visions to view the bright goal;
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go;
This moment for heaven, I'd leave all below.
Home, home, &c.

4 To the regions of glory my spirit shall flee,
And take this poor body immortal and free;
With angelic armies forever to blaze,
On Jesus's beauties forever to gaze.
Home, home, &c.

274 L. M.

Heaven.

THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than noonday glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

2 It is not fann'd by summer's gale;
'Tis not refresh'd by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no ev'ning hours.

3 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene;
There not a tear of sorrow flows.

4 No; for that world is ever bright
With purest radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal throne.

275 C. M.

The promised land.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

I am bound for the promised land,
I am bound for the promised land;
My Saviour calls, and I must go,
I am bound for the promised land.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

I am bound for the promised land, &c.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.
I am bound for the promised land, &c.

4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
I am bound for the promised land, &c.

5 No chilling wind, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
I am bound for the promised land, &c.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever bless'd?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
I am bound for the promised land, &c.

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
I am bound for the promised land, &c.

276 C. M.

My Father's house.

THERE is a place of waveless rest
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies;
My Father's house, my heavenly home!
Where many mansions stand,
Prepared by hands Divine for all
Who seek the better land.

2 When toss'd upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete;
There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

277 C. M.

Home.

O LAND of rest! for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home?
This world is not my home,
This world is not my home;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
This world is not my home, &c.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
This world is not my home, &c.

4 I would at once have quit this place,
Where foes in fury roam;
But ah! my passport was not seal'd,
I could not yet go home.
This world is not my home, &c.

5 When by afflictions sharply tried,
I view'd the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sigh for home.
This world is not my home, &c.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.
This world is not my home, &c.

278 8s & 6s.

Earth and heaven contrasted.

THIS world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision;
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns, are vain and poor:
There's nothing *rich* but heaven.

2 Empires decay and nations die;
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky:
There's nothing *sure* but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven—
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball:
There's nothing *firm* but heaven.

4 A stranger, lonely here I roam,
From place to place am driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a dismal tomb;
I have no *home* but heaven.

5 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace hath quell'd my fears;
Roll on, thou sun! fly swift, my years!
I'm on my *way* to heaven.

GENERAL PRAYER-MEETING.

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279 L. M.

The mercy-seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

280 8s & 7s.

Sabbath evening.

HOW bless'd the Sabbath evening time,
Sweet precious moments given;
So peaceful, holy, so divine,
We seem almost to hear the chime
Foretelling morn in heaven.

2 Sweet Sabbath eve! day after day,
In weakness we have striven;
But strengthen'd, now, we greet thy ray,
It lights for us the narrow way
That leads to peace in heaven.

3 Sweet Sabbath eve, sweet Sabbath eve,
Dearest of all the seven!
We love thee, yet we do not grieve
That earth's fair scenes we soon must leave,
For home—our home in heaven.

281 C. M.

Evening.—Solitude.

I LOVE to steal a while away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

282 L. M.

Design of prayer.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

283 L. M.

In the sanctuary.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Bless'd Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess the Lord.

284 L. M.

Sabbath eve.

CALM Sabbath eve! how bless'd the hour!
What soul so dull but feels its power?
What magic spell doth it possess,
At once to gladden and to bless!

2 The heart, depress'd by earthly cares,
Now to the throne of grace repairs;
There for all woes a solace finds—
There God the wounded Spirit binds.

3 Warm'd by devotion's holy fires,
The soul to Heaven's high court aspires;
There revels in celestial light—
There joys in day which knows no night.

285 S. M.

The pleasures of social worship.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

2 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy bless'd abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

286 11s & 8s.

How lovely the place.

HOW lovely the place where the Saviour appears
To those who believe in his word!
His presence disperses my sorrows and fears,
And bids me rejoice in my Lord.

2 A day in his courts, than a thousand beside,
Is better and lovelier far;
My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside,
And all their delights I abhor.

3 Lord! give me a place with the humblest of saints,
For low at thy feet would I lie:
I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints;
Thou hearest the young raven's cry.

4 Give strength to the souls that now wait upon thee,
O come, in thy chariot of love!
From earth's vain enchantments, O help us to flee,
And to set our affections above!

287 C. M.

Fellowship with God.

FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou'st trod,
Can meet thy wants, or give thee joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Nor life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God?

4 When I am made, in love, to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

5 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
When dangerous is the road,
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Sweet fellowship with God.

6 So when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
Through fellowship with God.

288 4 *lines* 7s.

Tribute of praise at parting.

CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given:
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.

289 C. M.

The voice that wakes the dead.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshiper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee—
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

290 L. M.

The Christian renewing his strength. Isa. xl, 31.

UP, Christian, up, take wings and fly,
Above the tempest and the storm;
Upon thy Father's strength rely;
Thy God his promise shall perform.

2 As the strong eagle in his might
Soars on, by powerful pinions borne,
So may'st thou wing thy glorious flight,
And all the powers of darkness scorn.

3 What though the billows wildly roll?
What though the clouds may darkly lower?
Thy God shall bear thy trembling soul
Far, far above their raging power.

4 Then place thy firm, unshaken trust,
On Him who doth the winds command;
On his unfailing promise rest,
And lean upon his strong right hand.

5 Go, leave the cares of earth beneath;
With soul renew'd, and sins forgiven,
Mount upward on the wings of faith,
Rejoicing in the smiles of heaven.

291 L. M.

Blessings of prayer.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

292 S. M.

Love for Zion.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The Church our bless'd Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

293 4 *lines* 7s.

Sabbath evening.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God:
Symbol of the peace within,
When the heart is free from sin.

3 Still the spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee;
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

294 C. M.

What is prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
  Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
  And cry, Behold, he prays!

6 O thou by whom we come to God,
  The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
  Lord, teach us how to pray!

295 L. M.

Pleasures of devotion.

HOW sweet to leave the world a while,
  And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
  According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
  That we may here converse with thee:
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
  Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
  That we by faith may view thy face;
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
  And let thy presence fill the place!

MISSIONARY PRAYER-MEETING.

☞ A choice collection of hymns, adapted to the MONTHLY MISSIONARY CONCERT, are here inserted, in hope that the day is not distant when such meetings will be held in *all our churches.*

296 S. M.

Missionary Hymn.

ZION, arise and shine,
Thy light, thy God is come;
His glory beams with rays divine,
He calls thy children home.

2 On all the Church below
He sheds his Spirit down,
That grateful hosts to him may flow,
And make his glories known.

3 Like gentle showers of spring,
It falls on distant lands;
The little hills rejoice and sing,
The valleys clap their hands.

4 Many through all the earth
Are running to and fro,
To give the expected ages birth,
And vanquish every foe.

5 Support them in the fight
Where ancient vices reign;
And may they, in thy Spirit's might,
The rights of God maintain.

297 C. M.

Second part.

MAY every pagan knee
Bow down beneath their word;
And every tongue confess to thee,
That Jesus is the Lord.

2 Let truth her beauty show,
And grace her charms disclose;
And lay the daring idols low,
And chase away thy foes.

3 May all the heathen lands
Be sprinkled with his blood,
And Ethiopia stretch her hands
T' embrace the Saviour God.

4 May all the nations know
The heaven of Jesus' love:
Unite them to thy Church below,
And then the Church above.

5 Haste, haste, the happy day,
The prophets' cheering theme;
And wipe our tears and grief away,
And reign the Lord supreme.

298 76, 76, 76, 76.

The cry of the heathen.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

299 11.

The triumph of truth.

'TIS built on a rock, and the tempest may rave;
Its solid foundation repels the proud wave;
Though Satan himself should appear in the van,
Truth smiles at the rage of the infidel clan.

2 "Like the sun going forth" in his mighty career,
To gladden the earth and illumine each sphere;
The chariot of Truth shall in majesty roll
O'er climate, isle, ocean, to each distant pole.

3 A glorified course it shall nobly pursue,
Encircling with radiance both Gentile and Jew;
And millions of heathens, their idols despising,
Shall bask in the light, and exult in its rising!

4 The shadows that cover the regions of Ham
Shall vanish, or flame with the light of the Lamb;
Each lovely green island that gems the salt wave,
His truth will convert, his philanthropy save!

300 76, 76, 76, 76.

Departing missionaries.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O, thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

301 7s & 5s.

The heathen's cry.

HARK! what cry arrests my ear?
Hark! what accents of despair?
'Tis the heathen's dying prayer;
Friends of Jesus, hear.
Men of God, to you we cry,
Rests on you our tearful eye;
Help us, Christians, or we die—
Die in dark despair!

2 Hasten, Christians, haste to save,
O'er the land, and o'er the wave,
Dangers, death, and distance brave;
Hark! for help they call.
Afric bends her suppliant knee;
Asia spreads her hand to thee;
Hark! they urge the heaven-born plea,
Jesus died for all.

3 Haste, then, spread the Saviour's name;
Snatch the firebrands from the flame;
Deck his glorious diadem
With their ransom'd souls.
See! the pagan altars fall!
See! the Saviour reigns o'er all!
Crown him! crown him! Lord of all!
Echoes round the poles.

302 64, 64, 67, 64.

Bible for the heathen.

O SEND the word Divine,
Far, far away;
In every heathen clime
Its light display;
O let the Burman sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King,"
And loud his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

2 God's word to every land,
Send, send away;
He will, with bounteous hand,
Our love repay.
O! we shall happy be,
When the heathen we shall see
Dwelling, gracious Lord, with thee,
In heaven for aye.

3 Then, in that happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day,
O we will sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King,"
And with the heathen ring
His praise for aye.

303 L. M.

Christ's universal and everlasting kingdom.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

304 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Zion.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 Thy own God will soon restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliv'rance
Zion's king will surely send.

305 8s & 7s.

The heathen crying for help.

HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations—
"Come and help us, or we die!"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining;
Christians! hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die.

306 8s, 7s, & 4s.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted heathen,
Let the rude barbarian see
That Divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

307 8s, 7s, & 4s.

The day-spring.

CHRISTIAN! see, the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! th' expected day is dawning—
Glorious day-spring from on high.
Halleluiah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

2 Heathen at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing—
First-fruits of more perfect praise.
Halleluiah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

3 Zion's Sun! salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine, till, brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills.
Halleluiah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

4 Lord of every tribe and nation!
Spread thy truth from pole to pole,
Spread the light of thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul.
Halleluiah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

308 L. M.

The Jews.

DISOWN'D by heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around?

2 Lord! visit thy forsaken race;
Back to thy fold the wand'rers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The vail of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Haste, glorious day! expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour;
With eager feet one temple throng;
One God with grateful praise adore.

309 11s & 10s.

Zion triumphant.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
Wake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Rise! for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the Arm that subdued them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the Pow'r that hath saved thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

310 11s.

"Their sound is gone out."

THE sound of salvation is echo'd afar;
The breezes have borne the glad tidings abroad;
The light that is beaming from Bethlehem's Star
Is chasing the darkness from sorrow's abode:
The wastes of the desert in verdure appear,
With rich blooming fragrance perfuming the air;
The mountains are sinking, the valleys arise,
And earth is becoming the joy of the skies.

2 The sound of salvation is echo'd afar;
The heralds aloud the glad mission proclaim;
The sons of redemption now waken to pray'r,
And millions rejoice in Immanuel's name:
O tremble, ye fugitives, monsters of sin!
Ye demons of darkness, ye foul and unclean!
Ye soon shall descend to your destined abode,
While earth shall rejoice in the smiles of her God.

3 The sound of salvation is echo'd afar,
And converts outnumber the drops of the morn;
Loud songs of rejoicing are borne through the air,
From regions long wasted, despised, and forlorn:
Now millions of heathen receive the glad word,
The outcasts of Israel return to the Lord,
The earth and the sea shall be cleansed from their stain,
And Jesus, triumphant, begin his glad reign.

311 L. M.

Darkness in Palestine.

NIGHT wraps the land where Jesus spoke,
No guiding star the wise men see;
And heavy is oppression's yoke,
Where first the Gospel said, "Be free!"

2 And where the harps of angels bore
Heaven's message to the shepherd-throng,
Good-will and peace are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

3 Send forth, send forth the glorious light
That from eternal woe doth save;
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

312 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Missionary's farewell.

YES, my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee;
Can I, can I say, farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased, I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell,

5 In the desert let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell.
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!

313 P. M.

Mission to Palestine.

THEY have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid,
Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd,
And Jehovah his wonders display'd;

To the land where the Saviour of sinners
once trod,
Where he labor'd, and languish'd, and
bled;
Where he triumph'd o'er death, and as-
cended to God,
As he captive captivity led.

2 They have gone to the land where the
Gospel's glad sound,
Sweetly tuned by the angel's above,
Was reëcho'd on earth, through the re-
gions around,
In the accents of heavenly love;
Where the Spirit descended, in tokens of
flame,
The rich gifts of his grace to reveal;
Where apostles wrought signs in Im-
manuel's name,
The truth of their mission to seal.

3 They have gone—the glad heralds of
mercy have gone
To the land where the martyrs once
bled;
Where the "Beast and False Prophet"
have since trodden down
The fair fabric that Zion had laid;

Where the Churches once planted, and
water'd, and bless'd
With the dews which the Spirit distill'd,
Have been smitten, despoil'd, and by
heathen possess'd,
And the places that knew them, defiled.

4 They have gone—O, thou Shepherd of
Israel—have gone
The glad mission in love to restore:
Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave
them alone;
Thy blessing we humbly implore.
Thy blessing go with them—O be thou
their shield
From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd
In mercy, in might, from on high.

314 8 *lines* 7s.

The watchman's report.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

315

4 *lines* 7s.

The banner of the cross.

GO, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppress'd forever weep.

3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

316 4 *lines* 7s.

Christ's universal reign.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record—
All his wondrous love proclaim.

317 4 *lines* 7s.

The heathen mother.

SEE that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred currents flow,
With her own maternal hand
'Mid the waves her infant throw.

2 Hark! I hear the piteous scream!
Frightful monsters seize their prey;
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away.

3 Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear;
But the mother's heart is steel;
She, unmoved, that cry can hear!

4 Send, O send the Bible there,
Let its precepts reach her heart;
She may then her children spare—
Act the mother's tender part.

318 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Departure of missionaries.

MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth;
Loud proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings,
Tidings of the Saviour's worth!

2 Go to men in darkness sleeping,
Tell that Christ is strong to save;
Go to men in bondage weeping,
Publish freedom to the slave;
Tell the dying,
Christ has triumph'd o'er the grave.

3 What though earth, by hell excited,
Should oppose the Saviour's reign!
Plead his cause to souls benighted;
Fear ye not the face of men;
Vain the tumult,
Earth and hell will rage in vain.

4 Though exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus is your heavenly Friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

319 8s & 7s.

Missionary hymn.

ONWARD, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the Gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky.

Send it where the pilgrim stranger
  Faints 'neath Asia's vertic ray;
Bid the red-brow'd forest ranger
  Hail it ere it fades away.

2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
  Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
  Brightly bid its radiance flow.
India marks its luster stealing;
  Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, mid her deserts kneeling,
  Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
  Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
  Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation;
  Host on host the ranks supply;
Onward! Christ is our salvation,
  And your death is victory.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PRAYER-MEETING.

320 L. M.

Teacher's prayer.

MAY we who teach the rising race
Be fill'd, O Lord, with every grace;
And may thy Spirit from above
Descend and bless our work of love.

2 Thy grace to those we teach impart;
O Lord, renew each youthful heart;
Help them from every sin to flee,
And dedicate their lives to thee.

3 May we in love to them abound,
And zealous in the work be found;
And many seals may we obtain,
To prove our labor not in vain.

321 87, 87, 47.

A blessing sought for the Sunday-school.

THOU who didst with love and blessing,
Gather Zion's babes to thee;
Still a Saviour's love expressing,
Now the babes of Zion see;
Bless the labors
That would bring them up for thee.

2 Smile upon our weak endeavor,
Vain, if thou thy smile deny;
Let them rise, to live forever!
Train, O! train them for the sky:
Ne'er may Satan
Plunder Zion's nursery.

3 Lord, with humble fervor bending,
We thy blessing would entreat;
Let thy Spirit, now descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet;
Straight to Zion
Guide the young inquirer's feet.

322 S. M.

Prayer for youth.

GREAT God! with heart and tongue,
For all our youth we pray;
O may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way!

2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow!

3 Make their unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power Divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.

5 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

323 C. M.

The Sabbath-school.

SWEET Sabbath-school, place dear to me,
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.

2 Within thy courts of Him I've heard
Whose birth the angel's sung,
When o'er the shepherds, fill'd with fear,
The star of glory hung.

3 O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential early tear;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.

4 When all our wand'rings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath-place
May we our anthems blend.

324 C. M.

Blessedness of instructing the young.

DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth;
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this bless'd design:
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

325 L. M.

Children the hope of the Church.

CHILDHOOD and youth, how vain they seem!
Their beauty passes like a dream,
And soon or late the loveliest bloom
Will fade and wither in the tomb.

2 Yet in our charge with hope we trace
The features of a future race;
And in these youthful classes see
The seed of Churches yet to be.

3 God of the Church, which must remain
While generations wax and wane,
For this we toil, O deign to bless
The humble effort with success.

4 Hence fill thy courts with songs of praise,
Hence ministers and people raise,
And hence supply the failing bands
That bear thy word to heathen lands.

5 We plead thy promise, sovereign Lord,
While thus we pray with one accord:
E'en as thy promise let it be,
For, touching this, we all agree.

326 8s & 7s.

Sabbath School Union Hymn.

BE the little ones instructed,
Taught the knowledge of the Lord;
To the schools, to church conducted;
Christ invites them in his word.

2 Brethren, sisters! fond of guiding
Youthful feet that wandering stray,
In your Saviour's help confiding,
Lead them on in wisdom's way.

3 Still the Lord, by invitation,
Welcomes children to his arms;
Boundless is the Lord's compassion,
Sweet the voice of Jesus charms.

4 Hear us, Saviour! now imploring
For the children of our care;
May their hearts, by love adoring,
Find access to thee in prayer.

5 Lord of teachers! blessed Jesus,
As thou wert, make us to be;
Then, what pleaseth thee will please us,
We shall then resemble thee.

327 C. M.

The Christian child.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death
To keep us still thine own.

CLASS-MEETIN

328

The loadstone

JESUS, united by
And each to ea
With confidence w
And know our

2 Still let us
And bear t
A band of J
Which ɔ

3 Make ι
Baptiz
And let
And

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee, inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
may we all the loving mind
hat was in thee receive.

S. M.

Meeting, after absence.

we yet alive,
each other's face?
se to Jesus give
ning grace.
r Divine
here,
e we join,
ear.

seen!
pass'd!
s within,

;
d,

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up our cross,
Till we the crown obtain:
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

330 S. M.

Claiming the promise.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name;

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art,
But O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O! may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

331 L. M.

Glorious and spotless.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below;
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach and love.

332 C. M.

Rejoicing in hope.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And, joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve--
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on! we'll meet you there.

333 C. M.

Perfect harmony and joy unspeakable.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree;
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one;
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

334 C. M.

Safety in union.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

335 7s & 6s.

The desponding encouraged.

COME, my brethren, let us try
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by;
Come, and let us reason.

2 What is this that casts you down?
What is this that grieves you?
Speak, and let the worst be known;
Speaking may relieve you.

3 Christ at times by faith I view,
And it doth relieve me,
But my doubts return anew,
They are those that grieve me.

4 Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plagued with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

5 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.

6 View him nailèd to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying,
See! he suffer'd this for thee,
Therefore be believing.

336 S. M.

Sympathy and mutual love.

BLESS'D be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

337 C. M.

Sunday morning.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

338 C. M.

Morning: self-consecration.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy thy light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

339 S. M.

Prayer for children.

O GOD of Abra'm, hear
The parents' humble cry;
In cov'nant mercy now appear,
While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love,
In mercy thou hast given,
That we thro' grace may faithful prove
In training them for heaven.

3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify;
Remember now thy gracious word;
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

5 These children now are thine,
We give them back to thee;
O lead them, by thy grace Divine,
Along the heavenly way.

340 S. M.

Prayer for the sick one.

TO thee, our Father, God,
In deep distress we cry;
Withhold from us thy chast'ning rod,
Let not the sick one die.

2 Here, on the couch of pain,
The trembling sufferer lies:
Exert thy healing power again,
And bid the sick one rise.

3 At once, disease remove;
At once, to health restore;
O, let us hear thy voice of love,
"Rise"—"go, and sin no more."

4 Avert the fearful blow
That threatens to destroy;
O, let the feeble prisoner go,
And fill our hearts with joy.

5 To thee, our Father, God,
In deep distress we cry;
Withhold from us thy chast'ning rod,
Let not the sick one die.

341 S. M.

The sick restored.

TEN thousand thanks to thee,
For all thy goodness, Lord;
Our bounding hearts rejoice to see
The sick again restored.

2 O help us, one and all,
A grateful song to raise,
And consecrate to thee our all,
Who lengthens out our days.

3 Inspire us with thy love,
Our gratitude increase;
And help each one to rise above
All worldly-mindedness.

4 May parents, children, all
Unitedly agree,
To heed thy word, obey thy call,
And give up all for thee.

5 Through mercy all Divine,
Around thy throne we meet;
In solemn prayer and praise to join,
A circle, now complete.

342 C. M.

The Family Bible.

THIS book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start;
With falt'ring lips and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart:
For many generations past
Here is our fam'ly tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasp'd,
She, dying, gave it me.

2 Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the ev'ning prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging mem'ries come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false, I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

343 P. M.

Evening: memorials of His grace.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on—
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home:
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

344 L. M.

Evening: trusting in God.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

345 C. M.

Saturday evening.

O'ER each vanish'd scene of sorrow,
Softly falls oblivion's vail;
And the dawning of to-morrow
Let me with devotion hail!

2 Hush! each anxious care and feeling;
Hope shall charm you all to rest;
A serene, unnoticed evening
Wraps creation in her vest.

3 From this life's gay scenes retiring,
Fairer worlds attract my sight;
Brighter joys, my heart aspiring,
Breathe ineffable delight.

4 Faith, her golden pinions pluming,
Boldly springs into the skies;
Sees immortal pleasures blooming,
Sees an endless Sabbath rise.

TIMES OF DECLENSION AND REVIVAL.

346 C. M.

The Spirit's quickening power.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

347 C. M.

Dawn of a revival.

OUR souls, by love together drawn,
Cemented, mix'd in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun:
Our hearts have often burn'd within,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd the enlarged desire.

A Saviour, let creation sing;
A Saviour, let all heaven ring!
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fullness in our souls he pours:
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining those who're gone before;
We soon shall meet to part no more.

2 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We wait to catch the teeming shower,
Nor do we wait in vain.
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God!
A Saviour let creation sing, &c.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own,
May we, a little band of love,
We, sinners saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.
A Saviour let creation sing, &c.

348 7s & 6s.

Times of revival.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour.
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heav'nly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Bless'd river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, The Lord is come.

349 8s & 7s.

Zion comforted.

ZION, dreary
And in anguish,
Mid the desert hast thou stray'd?
O thou weary,
Cease to languish!
Jesus shall lift up thy head.
O thou weary, &c.

2 Still lamenting
And bemoaning,
Mid thy follies and thy woes?
Soon, repenting
And returning,
All thy solitude shall close.
Soon repenting, &c.

3 Though benighted
And forsaken,
Though afflicted and distress'd;
His almighty
Arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest.
His almighty, &c.

4 Cease thy sadness,
Unbelieving;
Soon his glory shalt thou see!
Joy and gladness,
And thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody.
Joy and gladness, &c.

350 S. M.

For a revival.

O LORD, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer!
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break—
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
O come, and bring salvation near!
Our souls on thee rely.

351 7s.

Signs of revival.

SAW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

2 Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

3 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.

4 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

352 4 8s & 2 6s.

Revival.

THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace Divine
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 This makes the dry and barren ground
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me;
Who come to Christ may live.

4 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from a shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes like floods we can't contain;
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

5 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through
To living fountains, where they flow
That never will run dry.

6 There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home:
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

7 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

353 C. M.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

JOY to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

354 L. M.

Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN, marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark:
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

DOXOLOGIES.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

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